THE CROWNING HOUR,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

By CHARLES JAMES CANNON,

AUTHOR OF THE "POET'S QUEST," ETC.

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"I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward." It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the GOOD and the BEAUTIFUL in all that meets and surrounds me."

TO

MY FELLOW CLERKS

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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THE CROWNING HOUR.

[In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board the Admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or Vesper Hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. * * * * * As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle, or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. * * * * * Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. * * * * * They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. IRVING.]

THE CROWNING HOUR.

"Salve Regina! Unto thee,
Whose ear is open to the prayer
Of all that in humility
Of spirit claim thy care,
We, wanderers of the pathless deep,
From hope of earthly succour far,
Pray that for us thou watch wilt keep,
And be our guiding star.

"*Salve Regina!* Mother blest!
To Him who hath in slumber lain
A helpless babe upon thy breast,
Thou canst not plead in vain,
Then pray for us that, when of life
The weary voyage shall be past,
We may, escaped from storm and strife,
Safe moor in Heaven at last!"

From sea-worn bark, which cast its shadow o'er
A boundless waste where, save from wing of bird,
Or frown of tempest, none had fallen before,

And where the voice of prayer was never heard,
This hymn arose, in low and pleading strain,
That many a heart with sad emotions stirred,

For thoughts of kindred ne'er to meet again
Woke in its tones familiar, as the sun,
Leaving his burning footprints in the main,

Sank to his ocean bed. The song was done;
And silence rested on the waves once more.
Then, from amid the worshippers, came one

Whose ample brow no proud insignia wore
Of human sovereignty; yet, from the hand
Of God, the stamp of royalty it bore,

So graved that none could fail to understand;—
The lofty thought—the indomitable will—
The majesty of mind, that doth command

Heart-homage, even though hate the bosom fill.
And looking round with mingled joy and pride—
A pride unboastful—said in words to thrill

The coldest breast, "Forever glorified
Be He who hath in safety brought us through
The perils of a path 'till now untried!

"By whom the veil, that long has hid from view
The glories of a world which, like the gleams
Of Paradise vouchsafed a chosen few,

"Have filled my waking thoughts and nightly dreams
Through years of trial, shall be torn away!
Yes, ere another morn upon us beams,

"The splendours of Cipango or Cathay,
Or some bright realm we have not learned to name,
Shall our long toil abundantly repay.

"When we—and what to that is wealth or fame?
Shall first uprear the standard of our God,
And freedom to the thralls of sin proclaim!

"But let us now the steps that late we trod
Retrace, and learn how much to Him we owe
Whose love—though oft provoked—restrained the rod.

"With spirits sad, and minds presaging wo,
When forth we launched o'er trackless wastes to roam,
Ye felt your hearts with bitterness o'erflow

"At sundering every tender tie of home,
And mutterings deep increased to murmurs loud
As moan of tempest o'er the troubled foam,

"His presence—not unfelt nor unavowed—
Was with us. He it was, that o'er the plain,
Which ne'er before adventurous keel had ploughed,

"Signs multiplied your courage to sustain;—
Bidding the needle from the pole diverge,
More surely to the land we hoped to gain

"To guide us on; flinging upon the surge
The fragrant herb; and calling from the east
The obedient wind our westward course to urge.

"And when the shadow on your hearts increased,
He brought from distant groves the feathered choir,
To sing among our shrouds till daylight ceased.

"And when at length the weary winds retire
Unto their secret places; and the ocean,
Beneath the smile of morn, the midday fire,

"And gentle moon, lay without pulse or motion,
Reflecting the unvarying blue above,
And subtle fiends begat the fearful notion

"That you were destined never thence to move,
He stirred the depths of the mysterious sea,
His still unslumbering watchfulness to prove;

"While ever on our night-watch gloriously
The blessed sign of man's redemption shone;—
Nursing bright hope 'mid dark uncertainty!

"And when cold doubts to fierce despair had grown,
And evil thoughts for evil deeds prepared,
A riven bough, with leaves that had not known

"A blight, and tempting fruit which had been spared
The touch of time, was flung before our prow,
To prove that impiously we had not dared

To seek the hidden things of God. And now,
When every wave that lifts its head is curled
By winds that in their course the forests bow

"That cast their shadows o'er an unknown world,
Secure of what the coming morn must bring,
Will we her presence wait with canvass furled.

"And so, good night; and safe beneath the wing
Of omnipresent love, contented rest!"
And with this benison he left the ring

Of eager listeners;—men who late had pressed
Around him with entreaties to return;—
Leaving his task unfinished, and his breast

With its unsatisfied desires to burn,
To meet the scorn of them who sought his wrong;—
Who, when he did their craven counsel spurn,

For still in purpose as conviction strong,
Menaced with chains—a grave amid the deep,
Whose secrets to eternity belong!—

But at his words now feel their spirits leap
With exultation, for a work achieved
That shall their names in deathless memory keep;

For to himself no less each now believed
Than to his chief was owing their success,
Nor was the loud contemner least deceived.

All were withdrawn; o'ercome by weariness.
The din of earnest tongues was heard no more;
And Night came from the east, a Sultaness

Whose dusky brow a glittering crescent wore.
Her queenly robe and mantle flowing wide
With living gems were thickly studded o'er;

And, with unechoing footfall, at her side
Came her handmaiden, Silence. All was hushed,
Except the breeze that kissed the rippling tide,

And helmsman's murmured song, as upward gushed,
From the deep fountains of the heart, the sweet,
Sad memories of home. With cheek unflushed

With the strong hope that in his bosom beat,
And even a shade of melancholy thought
Upon his brow, rose COLON from his seat

To pace the narrow deck. The object sought
Through years of toil, of penury, of scorn,
But with undoubting spirit, had been brought

Almost within his grasp;—another morn
Shall see it his; and yet he can restrain
His eager spirit;—and the cup, oft borne

Unto his lips, thence to be dashed again,
He puts aside;—and calling up the Past,
Tempers his present joy with former pain.

And at his summons round him gathered fast
The shades of buried years; and he lived o'er
A life on which had disappointment cast

The breath of the sirocco. He once more
Sat on the beach, and drank with thirsty ear
The worn and stranded seaman's wondrous lore,

Of islands, that to voyagers appear
Like emeralds glittering in the occident,
But strangely vanishing as they draw near;

Of uncouth forms that western winds had sent
From some strange land beyond the Ocean-Sea,
To Europe's coasts; and great his wonderment,

If yet a pathway there might opened be
Unto those distant climes, across the waste
Of waters that, in frowning majesty,

Piled up their mountain waves, as barriers placed
Between the known and the invisible!
And many a fond delusion he embraced,

'Till Science came with exorcising spell,
And, driving from his mind each shadowy guest,
A home prepared where holy Truth might dwell.

And then the wish was strong within his breast
To go and plant the Cross, that blessed tree
Whose fruit is Life, in lands where Death possessed,

In primal Night, his ancient sovereignty,
But, when he sought his country's aid, received—
Insult, that scarce was veiled by courtesy!

Again he is, of all but faith bereaved,
A stranger, by untoward fortune, cast
Upon the shores of one who had achieved

Unbloody conquests—glorious and vast!
And to a crown, worn by a race of kings,
Added a gem that all the rest surpassed.

And unto him this nameless wanderer brings
The offer of a jewel shall exceed
Even that which o'er his brow such radiance flings.

But to the dreams of madness who gives heed?
And such the name true wisdom still doth bear
From this world's Lama-worshippers, whose creed

Commands to veil with reverential care
The secret of their power—which is to *seem*
Endued with highest wisdom. So the prayer

Of him, whom prudent men adventurer deem,
And grave as weak enthusiast deride,
After long years of miseries extreme,

Enow to bow the strongest, was denied;
And he went thence—in spirit unsubdued—
To be refused where he again applied.

And now, a poor wayfarer, seeking food
And shelter for his boy, whose piteous state
Compassion might in one of savage mood

Have wakened, stands he at Rabida's gate,
Where none e'er sought and succour did not find.
And here, what to the learned and the great

The phantasm was of a distempered mind,
Is hailed with joy by one who had surveyed
With eyes that pride did not, nor interest blind,

The order and beneficence displayed
In all the works of God; and felt that He,
Who had in strength the earth's foundations laid,

And hung the heavens on high, a canopy
Of glory, from the hollow of His hand
Had not poured out the waters of the sea

To drown the goodliest portions of the land.
And not alone in barren words, but deeds,
That must the gratitude of earth command,

Doth JUAN PEREZ vouch his faith. He pleads
With one whose name shall be with reverence spoken
While truth is prized, or day to night succeeds;

With one whose smile did falsehood ne'er betoken;—
Within whose breast did gentlest pity dwell;—
Whose queenly word once pledged was never broken;

The good, the wise, the gracious YSABEL!—
To aid the glorious enterprise. And then,
From palace, and from camp, and cloistered cell,

Before the watcher of the deep, agen
A pageant passed; and strangely mingled, there
Were courtly dames, and hooded monks, and men

Glittering in mail. But, though he reads with care
The faces that are on him bent, he sees
No sign of sympathy. Alike they wear

The sneers that sting, or, worse, the smiles that freeze,
In their first gush, the waters bright and pure
That bubble up 'mid earth's sterilities.

But taught by long endurance to endure
Yet patiently, unshaken is his trust
That, though the pride of learning may obscure

The light of science for a time, it must
Yet break upon the world; when all shall own
The earth's indebtedness to him, though dust

May shut out its applause. But not alone
Is he now left to stand. His eloquence
Has won a gracious hearing from the throne;

And many a voice is raised in his defence
That late was loud in scorn; and on the tide
Of public favour, which an influence

Obeys less certain than the moon's, doth ride
He prosperously now. But to the few
Whose friendship failed him not when sorest tried

He feels alone his thankfulness is due—
The Monk of La Rabida, and the high
And noble Beatrix of Moya, who,

When avarice, and owl-eyed bigotry,
Would fain deny to him the merit earned
With heart-consuming toil and misery,

That common labour would to sport have turned,
Stood forth his champions. And then the deep—
Though wayward—love of her who rank had spurned,

Nay, sullied her proud name—on him to heap
The treasures of a heart, more precious far
Than richest gems that earth doth hidden keep

Within her unsunned chambers—like a star,
When night and storm have shrouded sea and sky,
And in the shipboy's breast hopes struggling are

Unequally with fears, that from on high
Proclaims returning peace—upon him shone,
And thrilled his heart with passion's ecstacy!

The Past is past! Once more he stands alone
Upon his vessel's deck;—his gaze is turned
Toward a distant light, that star is none,

Which near, and yet not on, the waters burned.
And then he summoned others to his side,
And questioned eagerly if they discerned

The sign of Heaven. "Why, see you not," he cried,
"Yon beacon blazing on some friendly strand?"
And, as he spake, deep booming o'er the tide

The signal came that all could understand.
And then, with streaming eyes to heaven upraised,
They shout, as with one voice, 'THE LAND! THE LAND!'
While angel hosts the GREAT CONDUCTOR praised.

"*Te Deum laudamus!*
This glorious morn,
From bosom of ocean,
A world has been born!
And He, who first kindled
The sun with His breath,
Has brought light from darkness,
And life out of death.

"*Te Deum laudamus!*
Ye isles of the main,
Through ages of errour
That slumbering have lain,

Lift up your glad voices;
The shadow that lay
Upon you, His presence
Has turned into day!

"*Te Deum laudamus!*
Ye nations, that lie
In the noontide of truth
From the dayspring on high,
Your songs of thanksgiving,
To God the Supreme,
Pour forth without ceasing—
Salvation 's the theme!"

LOVE.

[This little poem, meant to contain an exemplification of that good old saying, "Strive and Thrive," was written in answer to those critics who, upon the publication of "THE POET'S QUEST," were so severe upon the Byronian moodiness of the Author, confounding, with the usual sagacity of critics, the writer and his hero. But he begs to assure them, although circumstances may have given a melancholy tinge to his feelings, that he is as fond of looking on the sunny side of things as the happiest among them.]

LOVE.

HERE rest. This verdant couch for thee
Has nature formed in kindliest mood;
And wrought with rich embroidery
Of flowers—the blue and golden-hued,

And purple eke, with many a sweet
Pale blossom, that, with childish grace,
Half shrinks the curious eye to meet,
Even while it smiles up in thy face.

And lo! this buttonwood—among
Whose broad green leaves the wind's at play—
Hath, where his giant shadow's flung,
Eve's softness given to fervid day,

To welcome thee. And, while the breeze,
With dash of waves shall blend its tone,
Will I recount, thine ear to please,
A tale as true as e'er was known.

An aged dame, whose furrowed brow,
And thin gray locks, and faded cheek,
And, more than all, whose spirit, now
Seen in her eye, subdued and meek,

A tale of deeper misery told
Than waning years and fortunes low—
Though, certes, to be poor and old
Were misery deep enough, I trow—

Was seated at her hearth. And though
The stars, that followed, one by one,
As darkened into night the glow
Flung back by the departing sun,

Were out in heaven, the lapse of time
She did not seem to heed, but still,
As if the day were in its prime,
Her distaff plied with right good will.

Yet seemed not all on thrift intent.
But ever and anon her eye,
Where anxious thought with love was blent,
Would wander, followed by a sigh,

Where sat a youth—the one to whom
Her heart in its bereavement clung—
With folded arms and brow of gloom,
While moody silence chained his tongue.

"What sorrow have I yet to learn?"
At length she asked in pleading tone.
"Why is thine eye so cold and stern
That ne'er but with affection shone?

"Why is that cheek, whose healthful glow
Out blushed the rose, now pale and thin,
As if some unrevealed wo
Were feeding on the life within?

"And why's the voice, erewhile so sweet,
Now heard in mutterings strange and sad?"
When cried he, starting to his feet,
"Heaven help me! Mother. I am mad!"

"Amen! Heaven help thee! But my son,
Whence comes that thought so full of dread?
What fearful deed canst thou have done
To draw such curse on thy young head?

"When stood I like a blasted tree
Amid the jocund woods of spring,
My branches all torn suddenly
Away, and round me withering;

"When the bright face of Heaven was dark,
As my unhoping heart, my prayer
Was ever, that the feeble spark
Which God had kindled he would spare.

"That ne'er this frame—so nicely wrought—
The temple he had deigned to bless—
The earthly home of heaven-born thought—
The fiend of madness should possess.

"For O! the heaviest wo of all
The Almighty's justice hath designed
Upon our sinful race to fall,
Is that which desolates the mind!

"When—dead alike to joy and pain—
Man—with a brow to Heaven upreared—
Shall glory in the maniac's chain,
Or wander forth despised, yet feared!"

"Nay, mother; fear not thou for me.
Mine is no phrensy of the brain.
No; banished though she well might be,
Reason her seat doth still retain;

"And ever with her icy smile,
And with her cold unclouded eye,
She looks upon my anguish, while
Hope after hope springs up—to die!

"Till I have wished—may Heaven forgive
The impious wish, if such indeed
It be—that I might cease to live,
And from her mockeries be freed,

"If that she cannot from my breast
The foe dislodge, that night and day
Has stolen from me my health and rest—
'Till life is wearing fast away.

"My madness is, dear mother mine!
Not of the brain—but of the heart.
And now a patient ear incline
While I the cause to thee impart.

"Lonely, thou knowest, my life has been;
And yet not all companionless.
In darksome glen, and woodland green,
And in the pathless wilderness;

"In the deep hush of sultry noon;
When heaven was bright with many a star;
And when on earth the gentle moon
Looked smiling from her pearly car;

"Sweet converse was I wont to hold
With bright unearthly forms, to me
That spake, as did the nymphs of old,
In every brook and flower and tree.

"But one, more lovely than that star.
Lingering night's glittering host behind,
And fair as the first roses are
In summer's coronal entwined,

"Yet humble as that floweret lowly
Which still its beauties seeks to hide,
With look and tone subdued and holy,
I found forever at my side.

"But oh! in wildest dream, I ne'er
Indulged the golden hope to find,
In bodily existence, here
That bright creation of the mind.

"And yet the very one which erst
My soul did for its worship form,
Upon my dazzled sight has burst,
With life and gladsome girlhood warm;

"And for one blissful moment shone
Upon me—glorious as the light
To dwellers in the tropics known—
Then disappeared—and all was night!

"And since a cold, impervious cloud
The blessed sun shuts from me; and
The spirit's broke that never bowed;
And weak as infancy my hand.

"And I—to whom the merry call
Of chanticler was ever sweet—
To whom the longest day was all
Too short my pastime to complete—

"To whom even toil was pastime—and
Who saw in danger nought to fear,
But oft on dizzy height would stand
The thunders at my feet to hear—

Who, with adventurous foot that failed
Me not, from crag to crag have sprung,
'Till even the clefted peak was scaled
Where builds the eagle for her young—

"Who have in wantonness oft breasted
The torrent in its angriest mood—
And from the famished wolf have wrested
The lamb just stolen for his food—

"Am sinking now beneath a grief
That name has not and care has none,
And start and tremble if a leaf
Across my path is sudden blown.

"Mother, I am not yet distraught;
But Oh! I feel I cannot bear
Longer this agony of thought,
That brings no feeling but despair!"

"Despair? The young in heart and years,"
The dame replied, "should ne'er despair.
But who is counselled by his fears
The victor's wealth shall never wear.

"The tree that braves the tempest's shock
Has bowed before the breath of spring;
And that proud bird which fear doth mock
Has cowered beneath a parent's wing.

"Then hence with this unmanly mood!
Think'st thou He is for thee uncaring,
Who hath the oak with strength endured?
The eagle with his matchless daring?

"No! If thy purpose be but holy,
Let not thy spirit suffer fear,
Because to thy condition lowly
The one beloved too high appear.

"For he to whom the sceptred race—
Those demigods of earth—but now
Did bend them in submission base,
Was once a stripling poor as thou.

"And lack of wealth is not of worth.
Thou art a FREEMAN born; and none
Of all her race has nobler birth,
Though she were heiress to a throne!

"And should she bring thee for her dower
The wealth that gilds a princely line,
What'er has been in others' power
Is surely not the less in thine.

"And unto him who is by Hope
Cheered on, and strong of heart and hand,
Her stores will Fortune freely ope;
And Fame is thence at his command.

"But victory is the meed of strife.
Then in the BLESSED NAME, my son,
Arise, and forth to busy life,
Where gold and honour may be won.

"And when they are thine own, return;
And, if thou wilt, thy love declare;
When thou assuredly shalt learn—
The young and brave need not despair!"

The youth obeyed. That well he sped
It now were waste of words to tell;
For nought to him—whose quest is led
By Love—is unattainable.

Yon matron see, whose placid smile
Reflects the light of others' joy—
To her, alas! a stranger—while
She bends to hear that prattling boy,

Whose rosy fingers, unreproved,
Twine with the silver threads of age,
As he the grandam so beloved
Does with his merry prate engage.

Her voice it was, like trumpet's sound,
The slumbering energies that woke
Within a heart which with profound,
But idle, sorrow else had broke.

And her's the praise for that success
Which blest the efforts of her son;
And—crown of all—the happiness
Thy love bestows!—My tale is done.

POEMS.

[Most of the following pieces have already been published, some in certain periodicals; and others in a book, that, with other things of much greater value, perished in one of the many fires that have, within a few years, done so much injury to our city. They are now, however, presented with the latest corrections—if not improvements—of the author, for the final approbation, or condemnation, of the public.]

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

I AM aweary of the din,
  The bootless toil, and causeless strife,
And sordid cares that hedge us in
  The dry and barren path of life!

And weary of the giddy throng—
  Those insects glittering in the sun,
Or bubbles that are borne along
  The stream of time, that still doth run

Downward—and ever downward—'till
  Its waters mingle with that sea
Which knows nor ebb nor flow—the still,
  Dark ocean of Eternity!

And O! to be alone once more,
While night and silence hold their reign,
In some sweet spot, like that of yore
Where first I breathed mine artless strain;

And, as I gaze upon the brook
That sings, in low, unvarying tune,
Its song of calm content; or look
On glittering stars or sheeny moon;

Or stretch me on the grassy lea,
Lulled by the west wind's gentle tone,
To taste once more the luxury
For which I yearn to be *alone!*

"O wayward heart!" a voice replies,
Whose solemn tones my spirit thrill;
That dost all present good despise;
And poison from the rose distil,

"By grasping aye at what's beyond,
And losing what thou may'st possess;
And nursing vague desires and fond
To be repaid with bitterness!

"Now are thy longings for the strife
Ambition wages; and agen,
As one that sated is with life,
Thou would'st forsake the haunts of men,

"And weakly sigh'st to be alone!
Alone? In vain O man! thy prayer.
Hie thee where'er the morn has flown—
Or darkness broods—yet GOD IS THERE!

A COMMON FATE.

I saw a fair and sinless child
  At play upon a flowery lea.
And aye his shout rose clear and wild,
  And aye his laugh rang far and free.

I saw a bright and fearless boy,
  Within whose eyes deep azure shone
The sunlight of a spirit's joy
  That yet a cloud had never known.

I saw a youth upon whose brow
  Were written fair, as on a scroll,
All noble thoughts, with power to bow,
  The stubborn will to their control.

And maidens' hearts were strangely stirred
  When e'er his eye upon them glanced;
And when he spake, on every word
  Would eager listeners hang entranced.

I saw a man, ere time had laid
  A hand unkind upon his brow,
Bent to the earth, like one that 's made
  Beneath the weight of years to bow;—

With wavering step and squalid mien;
  While was there in his cowering eye
A fallen spirit's anguish seen,
  And hopeless imbecility!

That child—that boy—that gallant youth,
  Whose morn such glorious promise gave,
Was he—ah! sad and humbling truth!—
  Now reeling to a DRUNKARD'S GRAVE!

LA MADONNA.

Behold thy Mother.—St. John, chap. xix. v. 27.

"Behold thy mother!" To the heart
How much these simple words convey.
"Lo! sorrowing child of earth, thou art
Not all forsaken," do they say.

"The *blessed among women*—she
Whom God hath raised so far above
The hierarchs of heaven—for thee
Has all a mother's care and love!"

Mother! It is a name to thrill
With holiest joy the troubled breast,
And with a gush of rapture fill
The bosom long with care oppressed.

For, in the rich and varied store
  Of language, can that name alone,
In all their freshness, bring once more
  The feelings to our childhood known;

Or shed, on darksome age and pain,
  The light that o'er our youth was cast;
Or re-unite the golden chain
  Should join the present and the past.

And she upon whose virgin breast,
  In cradled sleep, His head hath lain
On which the cruel thorns were pressed
  To form its diadem of pain;

Who, when she wept the Cross beneath
  Whereon the world's Redeemer hung,
Wept not alone her Saviour's death—
  But for her child her heart was wrung;

She is our mother! and through her
  We brethren are of CHRIST; and He,
When e'er a suit she may prefer,
  Will listen with benignity.

Then let us, when calamities
  Assail, to her draw near; and thus
With trustful hearts and bended knees,
  Cry, "Virgin Mother! pray for us!"

PARAPHRASE

OF A

COMMON SAYING.

Rosy babe! on nurse's knee
That sittest, while blythely she sings to thee,
Crowing and clapping thy hands with glee;—

Happy child! that over the plain
Chasest the butterfly—chased in vain—
Shouting 'till Echo shouts back again;—

Eager youth! whose glance betrays
A fire within that yet may blaze
Like the meteor lights of other days;—

Proud man! that boastest thyself to be
Lord of the earth and of the sea,
And heir of a boundless eternity;—

Sweet maiden! whose smile, devoid of art,
Thy treasured secret dost impart—
The trustful love of thine innocent heart;—

Pale mourner! that with silent tears
Dost water the grave of buried years,
Unvisited more by hopes or fears;—

Driveller! tottering on the brink
Of that dark flood where thousands sink,
Yet learnest not of thy doom to think;—

Your joys, loves, griefs, your hopes and fears,
What e'er now saddens or life endears,
Shall be the same in a thousand years.

LENT.

O may this holy time, wisely ordained
A time of prayer and penitence to be,
The grace of pure contrition bring to me,
By which alone acceptance is obtained!
What though the cup of folly I have drained;—
And bowed me down, in blind idolatry
Of perishable things;—and impiously
The goodness of Beneficence arraigned,
That chasteneth but in love;—is not the tear,
That from repentance springs, an offering more
Acceptable in sight of Heaven than e'er
The costliest gift earth's proudest altar bore?
Then let compunction smite, like Moses' rod,
Till streams gush from this heart of stone, my God!

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A wanderer, from that land
Where summer reigns forever more,
And living streams on every hand
Their priceless treasures pour,

Stood on life's arid waste,
Athirst and faint, and at a pool
He stooped, its waters dark to taste
His fevered lips to cool.

But tasting, turned away
With loathing, and his steps re-trod
Back to the realms of endless day—
The dwelling place of God!

JERSEY JEAN.

O Jersey! happy is the wave
  That Hudson rolls upon thy shore!
For it may oft the foot-prints kiss
  Of the dear maid whom I adore.
And happy is the summer wind
  That sports along thy valleys green,
For it may wanton with the tress
  That shades the cheek of Jersey Jean.

And happy is the lowliest flower
  That in thy meadows drinks the dew,
For it may sometimes bask in light
  From eyes of deepest, tenderest blue.
And happy is the tiniest star
  That twinkles in the heavens at e'en,
For O! it may unchidden gaze
  Upon the charms of Jersey Jean!

SONNET

ON READING "CONJECTURES AND RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE LOVE, MADNESS, AND IMPRISONMENT OF TORQUATO TASSO, BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE."

Is he not mad who would with feeble breast
Oppose the headlong torrent in its might?
Is he not mad who would assay a flight
With the strong-pinioned eagle to his nest?
Is he not mad who would the lightning wrest
From out its cloud and bind it in his grasp?
Or who the spotted snake or deadly asp
Would to his bosom take a welcome guest?
Yet not less mad is he who, day by day,
A passion feeds that doth his life consume;
The treasure of his love who casts away
On one whose smiles accelerate his doom;
Whose every hope—from heaven a borrowed ray—
To exile leads—a dungeon—or the tomb!

GIVE TO

THE EARTH WHAT IS OF EARTH.

GIVE to the earth what is of earth.
  This body, to the worm allied—
As creatures of a common birth—
  With all its impotence and pride.

Give these to earth. The chains are they
  With more than iron strength that bind,
Within their prison-house of clay,
  The glorious energies of mind.

But in the cold, unlovely grave
  The spirit, borrowed from the skies,
Ye cannot hide; for, He, who gave
  It being first, will bid it rise

Above the earth, and earthly things;
  Above the stairs—nor these alone—
But upward, 'till it folds its wings
  Even at the footstool of God's throne!

THE VOICE OF REASON.

I LAY upon a bank, besprent
  With the first blossoms of the spring,
And looked to the far hills, that blent
With the blue heavens, which o'er me leant,
Like tender mother fondly bent
  Over her infant slumbering.

And I bethought me of the years
  That I had lost in vain pursuit
Of one bright phantom, which appears
Shadowed in all that life endears,
But which hath left me still in tears
  To gather sorrow's bitter fruit!

'Twas Beauty—tangible and true—
That I had sought to make my own.
Where'er I turned it met my view,
Now blushing in the rose's hue,
Now glittering in the morning dew;
Now in the starry heavens it shone.

It crowned the hill and clothed the dale,
In tender leaf and swelling bud;
'Twas in the floweret of the vale;
The forest wrestling with the gale;
The buxom morn, and evening pale,
And in the bow that spanned the flood.

But more in woman's sunny smile,
And girlhood's lithe and graceful form;
In childhood's glee, and artless wile
That seeks so sweetly to beguile
The heart of carking care awhile,
And in the flush of mankind warm.

But roses fade, and dews exhale,
  And clouds the radiant skies deform;
The leaf must wither; buds may fail,
And tempests plough the sheltered vale;
The oak be riven by the gale,
  And heavens own bow be lost in storm.

And gladsome smile and sparkling eye
  Too oft are dimmed by early tears;
And maiden's grace and witchery,
With all that wins in infancy,
And manhood's bearing proud and high,
  Are things forgot in after years!

"Then rest thee, rest; fond, fluttering thing!"
  I to my wayward spirit cried.
"Thou stretchest aye thy weary wing,
Where life's dark flood lies slumbering,
Yet failest the olive leaf to bring."
  When thus an inward voice replied.

"The eagle fettered to the plain
  Still struggles with o'erpowering force;
The torrent, rushing to the main,
Is hindered in its course in vain,
And who can subtile flame restrain
  From leaping upward to its source?

"But oh! 'twere easier far to tame
  The winged monarch of the sky;
The headlong torrent to reclaim;
Bind in the grasp aspiring flame,
Than teach the tenant of thy frame
  In dull unseeking rest to lie.

"For the wild visions of the mind,
  The insatiate yearnings of the breast,
Vague dreams and wishes undefined—
The aimless gropings of the blind—
All prove that earth was not designed
  For thine immortal spirit's rest."

WHERE IS FANNY?

WHERE is Fanny? At the board
Now vacant is her wonted seat;
And at the silent evening hearth
Her gentle smile no more we meet!
We call—and memory alone
The musick of her voice supplies;
And darkness rests upon the hearts
Whose light was borrowed from her eyes!

But where is she? In churchyard drear,
Amid forgotten slumberers,
With no companion but the worm,
Now lies the form that once was hers!
Yet she's not there! Beyond the stars,
That fret with gold yon fields of blue,
Where myriads worship at God's throne,
Her glorious spirit worships too!

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

AROUND a war-worn soldier's bier
  A Nation stands in silent grief,
To offer up, with hearts sincere,
  The homage due a fallen Chief.

Hushed is the storm of party strife,
  And mute detraction's venomed tongue,
And o'er all narrow thoughts of life
  The pall that shrouds the DEAD is flung!

Not one was he whose brow had worn
  The glittering mockery of a crown,
And yet amid a people's scorn
  Unwept has to the grave gone down;

But one who sought with single aim
  To serve the land that gave him birth,
Aud from her gratitude a name
  Has won above the kings of earth—

The Chosen of the Free! What more
  Than this—the first in Honour's van—
For him hath eulogy in store?
  One prouder still—AN HONEST MAN!

BISHOP DUBOIS.

A REQUIEM for the dead! But let no strain
Of human sorrow mingle with the song.
Though death is here, we come not to complain
That God his servant has repaid with wrong.

For who the captive mourns that bursts his chain?
Or who the exile to his home returned?
Or who, with tears of earthly grief, would stain
The sacred spot that hath a saint innured?

One has departed from among us whom
The good of every name did reverence; yet
Who loved him most are gathered round his tomb
With hearts still strong in hope, and eyes unwet.

For know they not that he, whom men miscall
  The king of terrours, is an angel sent
To break the bonds of those who pine in thrall,
  And bring God's children home from banishment?

He came a messenger of peace to those
  Whose bosoms had been rent with maddening strife;
To soothe the troubled spirit to repose,
  And feed the hungry with the bread of life.

He came the galling fetters to unbind
  Of them who captive were to death's dark king;
To sow those seeds in the uncultured mind
  From which a glorious harvest yet shall spring.

He lived to do his Master's bidding; and,
  Having in all His holy will obeyed,
Has dropped the crosier from his trembling hand,
  And from his weary head the mitre laid;

And passed unto his rest. And while we gaze
On the poor form where dwelt his spirit erst,
The song of joy, that choirs angelick raise
O'er the redeemed, upon his ear hath burst!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Tis beautiful,—while yet the dew
  Of innocence lies on the flower
Of youth, and hope sings in the heart,
  Like gladsome bird in leafy bower,

And plenty flings her treasures o'er
  The path by sinless pleasures trod,—
To see some gifted child of earth
  Leave home, and friends, and all for God!

And such was she of whom I sing.
  A creature of that nature rare,
Whose sunny smile and kindly glance
  Would smoothe the brow of wrinkled care;

Whose voice was so attuned to joy,
  That where its lightest cadence fell
A sweet response awoke, even there
  Where moody grief was wont to dwell.

And now, that she has thrown aside
  The gauds which earth's gay children prize,
And donned the coarse and sombre weeds
  That scarce her loveliness disguise;

Think ye her spirit has put on
  The garb of sadness? Well I wot,
The helpless young, the poor, and old,
  And sorrowing, feel that it has not.

For to the bruised heart, and to
  The darkened mind, her presence brings
A balm and hope, and ever where
  Her shadow falls a blessing springs.

And there 's a sweetness in her smile,
  Her gentle voice and tranquil eye,
Which speaks of happiness within,
  And love that's born of purity.

And may the bright, unflickering flame
  Of charity, that fills her breast,
Shine on the tangled path of life,
  To guide the wanderer home to rest.

A VALENTINE.

"O SWEET is the spring time!
When brooklets, that long
Have slumbered, awaken
To light and to song;
When blossoms are scattered
By wing of the breeze,
And woods ring harmonious
To wild melodies?

"And sweet, too, is summer—
Her sunshine and showers—
Her green and her azure;
Her fruits and her flowers;—
The song of the reaper—
So heartsome and free;—
The herd's peaceful lowing;
And drone of the bee?

"Than spring—with the blossoms
That garland her brow;
Or summer's ripe beauty,
Far sweeter art thou!
No winter comes near thee,
For still where thou art
The sunshine of gladness
Sheds warmth o'er the heart!

"As dews to the herbage;—
As flowers to the bee;—
The sun to the heavens—
So art thou to me!
And, oh! with the tendrils
Of life doth entwine
The hope—thou wilt name me
Thine own VALENTINE.

CHRIST'S FIRST COMING.

The chosen people of the Lord,
  When bowed beneath a foreign yoke,
Had looked for that Incarnate Word
  By whom their thraldom should be broke;—

For Him who should their race restore
  To all the power of former days,
And make the palaces of yore
  With more than regal splendour blaze;—

And who, a conqueror from His birth,
  Should chain to His triumphal car
The mightiest monarchs of the earth,
  And load them with the spoils of war

But when He came—though heralded
By angels—'twas in such a guise
That they, who should have worshipped,
The meek and lowly did despise!

They knew not that He came to break
A heavier bondage far than Rome's;
That them He more than kings could make,
And give them more than earthly homes.

And so with scorn did they refuse
The liberal offers of his grace;
And then the stranger did He choose
To fill his people Israel's place.

And now all blessings be and praise
To Him who left his throne above,
The grovelling soul from earth to raise
To an ETERNITY OF LOVE!

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Who is He that cometh, 'mid shouts and hosannnahs,
More dread to behold than army with banners ?
The wing of the tempest the canopy o'er him,
While thrones of the mighty are crumbled before him ?

'Tis He who delivered himself to the slaughter,
And poured out his blood for lost sinners like water ;
And who, amid insult no anger betraying,
His spirit breathed forth for his murderers praying !

But no longer in mercy He cometh to gather
The rebellious and proud to the fold of His Father :
But matchless iu glory, by myriads surrounded,
He comes now for JUSTICE, with power unbounded !

And they, in His anguish who stood to deride Him,
Now call on the rocks and the mountains to hide them!
But blessings and praises be to him for ever—
His love for His chosen forsaketh them never!

SONG OF FAITH.

When worn with toil and bowed with care,
Or sinking in th' unequal strife
That man must with the world maintain,
Or fainting in the march of life,
How oft the yearnings of the heart
Are feebly thus in words expressed,
"O like the dove had I but wings,
To flee away and be at rest!"

Then sweeter far than summer rain
To the parched earth thy gentle voice,
O blessed Faith! falls on the heart,
And bids it in its wo rejoice;
For that the hour is now at hand
When sorrow shall no more molest;—
The wicked shall from troubling cease,
And when the weary shall find rest!

THE VISION.

Yet stay. Why should we part so soon?
Not oft would I with man commune,
For ah! to man I little owe.
But now I feel—while o'er my soul
The troubled waves of memory roll—
'Twould be a solace to impart
The hoarded miseries of this heart
Even to my deadliest foe.

I never knew a father's care;—
A mother's love was never mine!
But even in childhood did I bear
What none could bear and not repine.

And if I wept—and tears were oft
Wrung from me when I tried to keep
Them hidden—those around me scoffed!
Then learned I not to weep.
But did each rising gush suppress
'Till my heart's blood was—bitterness!

This withering truth I early felt,
That I had nothing with my kind
In common; and upon it dwelt
Till desperation fired my mind.
And then I fled. The savage wild
Upon the wretched outcast smiled;
And in its bosom did I gain
The home long sought with man in vain.

One eve—'twas of a sultry day—
As on a hillock green I lay

Buried in thought profound,
I felt a something o'er me creep—
Like sleep—and yet it was not sleep—
For not a sense was drowned.
I saw the sun go down the sky;
I saw the clouds of gorgeous dye
That floated in his wake; and then
Saw twilight steal o'er wood and glen;
I saw the moon in all her pride
Through the blue fields of ether ride;
I saw the smallest twinkiing star
That danced around her silver car,
And meadow brown and forest gray
That calmly sleeping round me lay.
I heard the song of whip-poor-will,
The tree-toad and the caty-did,
And even the gurgle of a rill
At distance by young alders hid,
And felt the brush of zephyr's wing
Then gaily round me frolicking.

As thus I lay—in dreamy mood—
An angel form before me stood.
Ay, surely angel, for this earth
To aught so fair could scarce give birth.
She looked upon me—and she smiled!
That smile I felt in my heart's core,
For ne'er had I, poor Misery's child,
Been smiled upon before.
O could I even that form forget—
Which haunts me ever—ever—
That form so deep in memory set,
Her smile would leave me never!

She stood a moment and was gone!
But not as erst was I alone;—
For Hope at last her way had found
Unto my heart, and now possessed it.
I rose—I knelt and kissed the ground—
For oh! her foot had blessed it!
Next morn I left my woodland glen,
To mingle with my foes again,

In hopes among the maids of earth
To find that one of heavenly birth.

I sought her in the halls of pride—
The humble cot—the church of God—
Where sin, and shame, and misery hide—
And every place by mortal trod.
Yet, though in many a form and face
I could some separate beauty trace,
I found *her* not the while.
This had her tender dove-like eye;
And that her air of majesty;
One her dark locks and brow of snow,
And one her young cheek's healthful glow,
But no one had her smile!

One morn, ere scarce the sun had kissed
The Endless Mountains' summits blue,
While vale and stream were lost in mist,
And woodlands gemmed with dew,

I sought a respite from despair
Within the holy House of Prayer,
And prayed to Him who knew my grief
To give my poor vext heart relief—
Or give me strength to bear.
O then—while with devotion warm—
Peace promised to resume her reign.
'Twas but the calm before the storm!
For by me swept a bridal train
That woke my soul to agony,
And filled my brain with maddening thought.
Was I mistaken? *Could* I be?
O no! and she I long had sought—
For whom I lived—and would have died—
Was that young bride—that *happy* bride!

I left the church—I know not how;—
I wandered forth—I cared not whither;—
A burning weight on heart and brow
That made my spirit wither.

And thus I lived for years, bereft
Of all, save memory;—that was left
To curse me!

'Twas that season drear,
To me the sweetest of the year,
When nature, stripped of all her bloom,
Lies shrouded, like my soul, in gloom,
And every breeze is but the sigh
Breathed o'er the tomb of buried joy.
A ray of the departing sun
Fell on me as I rested on
A moss clad stone, and listless gazed
On mounds o'er mouldering mortals raised.
And then, as on a new made grave
Mine eyes did fall, this sad request
I breathed, "Thou who this being gave,
O give my spirit rest!"
Just then a troop in sable clad,
With solemn step and faces sad,

Slow wended from a neighbouring fane,
Attending to its peaceful bed
A form from which the soul had fled;
And as the bier was lowered, a groan,
That would have thrilled a heart of stone,
Burst from the chief of that sad train.

"O let me look once more," he cried
In all the wildness of despair,
"On her so long my joy, my pride!"
They oped the coffin—*She was there!*
And still upon her cold, pale face—
That face as sleeping seraph's fair—
Could I the smile so worshipped trace;
The smile none else could wear.
My tears, by cold despair congealed,
Had long lain in their founts concealed,
But now, like unbound streams, they rushed,
And from mine eyes in torrents gushed,
And oh! a sweet relief they gave.
But my last tear fell in her grave!

BALLAD.

"O LEAVE awhile thy chamber, its silence and its gloom,
And look abroad on nature—its beauty and its bloom.
The earth is bright with verdure, there's music in the tree,
Then come my sister Ellen, come forth and walk with me."

Forth she came at his bidding, with timid step and weak;
Her eyes were red with weeping, but oh, how pale her cheek!
And, though a summer morning and balmy was the air,
As if from cold to guard her, her mantle did she wear.

With me upon these waters he sailed last evening-
fair—
This morn he sleeps beneath them—and thou shalt
join him there!"

"What mean you, brother Richard?" she questioned in alarm.
"Why look you so upon me?—you could not do
me harm?"
Then rose a cry for mercy;—there was a stifled
groan;—
A plashing of the waters;—and he rowed back alone!

THE CURSE.

"O REVELLER in others' woes!
  Shall sleep to thee be given,
When she by thy unholy deeds
  Is from the guiltless driven?

"For days of weary pace, and nights
  That even more slowly crept,
My place was at thy victim's couch—
  And there I watched—and wept!

"Ay, bitter, burning tears of shame
  Stained these worn cheeks of mine.
But not for aught that I had done;—
  The evil was all thine.

"And now, though sleeps my Edith, with
Thy babe upon her breast,
I cannot—cannot sleep! Then why
Should'st thou be with it blest?

"But never more—no, never more
That blessing shalt thou know,
'Till death shall give it to thy prayers.
Then wake thee, sleeper! Ho!"

And as he started from his couch
In terrour and surprise,
He shrank to meet the vengeful glare
Of bright unearthly eyes!

But when the bowed and trembling form,
And cheek by sorrow worn,
Gave Edith's mother to his view,
His proud lip curled in scorn.

And, "Hence, bold beldam, hence!" he cried,
"Nor dare again intrude,
To vent thy bootless malisons
Upon my solitude!"

"Yes, I will hence. But mark me well,
On land, or on the deep,
In health or sickness, weal or wo,
Thou shalt not taste of sleep!

"'Till life, which thou would'st hope to spend
In lawless revelry,
Becomes to thee the thing accursed
It has become to me!"

And then, her eyes still on him fixed,
She noiselessly withdrew;
While through his shuddering frame there crept
A feeling strange and new.

But morn, bright, fear-dispelling morn—
  Comes gayly to him now,
And gives him back his strength, and wipes
  The cold dews from his brow.

And forth he goes to mingle with
  The idle and the gay;
And taste again of pleasure's cup,
  And list to pleasure's lay.

'Till, sated with enjoyment, he
  Does to his couch repair.
But sleep—sweet, renovating sleep—
  He finds no longer there!

From side to side he turned, then rose
  And paced his chamber through,
But, 'till night's shadow from the earth
  Had fled, no sleep he knew.

With joyless eye, pale cheek, and heart
  That sluggishly did beat,
And languid step went Redwald forth
  His gay confreres to meet.

The feast was spread, the dance was led,
  And flowed the stream of song;
And far into the night did they
  Their revelry prolong.

But though so far 'twas in the night
  When Redwald sought repose,
The sleep that weighed upon his heart
  Could not his eyelids close.

Thus day by day—to banish thought—
  He gave to wild excess,
While night by night was worn away
  In sleepless wretchedness.

At length, from tossing on his couch,
As morning looked abroad,
He rose, and reckless what he did,
His gallant steed bestrode.

And fast and far, and fast and far
That steed did bear him on,
O'er hill and dale, o'er mount and plain,
Beneath the burning sun.

Nor stopped, even when the sun had quenched
Its beams in ocean tide,
Until, from very weariness,
He laid him down and died.

And Redwald stretched him by his steed,
Upon the cold, hard ground,
To snatch a moment's sleep; but ah!
No sleep could there be found!

While shiverings shook his manly frame,
  His limbs were racked with pain,
He rose with anguish in his heart,
  And madness in his brain.

And, knowing not, and caring not,
  Whither his way he took,
He wended down a narrow dell
  And by a wimpling brook.

And followed where that brooklet led,
  Though slowly and with pain,
Until its tiny voice was hushed
  By mingling with the main.

Before him lay the boundless deep,
  Its wild, dark waves at rest,
While the gray light of morning slept
  So calmly on its breast.

And as upon that watery waste
He gazed with troubled eye,
"How sweetly do they sleep," he cried,
That in thy chambers lie!

"Those ever silent chambers! where
Nought can disturb their rest;—
O there to lie in dreamless sleep
Were surely to be blessed!

"And thus I grasp that bliss which earth
Will yield to me no more!"
He sprang; the parted waters flashed;—
They closed;—and all was o'er!

THE BEGGAR BOY.

Poor Boy! It is a piteous thing,
When all the world keeps holiday,
To meet thy sad beseeching look
Amid the sunshine of Broadway;
To hear thy childish accents plead for bread
For one at home who lieth—sick in bed.

I know not whether false or true
The tale thy trembling lips have spoken.
But all must see thy hungry look,
And feel thy little heart is broken.
'Tis sad the spirit of the young to see
Crushed to the earth by hopeless poverty!

But wherefore hopeless? Raise thine eyes;—
Or, better still, thy heart lift up.
There's many a spot where INDUSTRY
May yet with plenty fill thy cup.
Be strong in hope;—however low thy lot,
God's lowliest creature never is forgot.

And may He bless thee, outcast one!
And make for thee the poet's mite.
An earnest of the good that yet
Shall all thy childhood's wrongs requite.
But, above all His gifts, may He impart
To thee a liberal hand—a kind and grateful heart!

TO ———.

O I have passed a weary night!—
  A night of sleeplessness and pain!
And how I longed to see the light—
  The blessed light of morn!—again.

Yet in its darkest hour, her lay
  Hope sweetly murmurred in mine ear,
"Though sorrow through the night doth stay,
  Yet joy shall with the morn appear!"

And darkness fled, and morning cheered
  The sufferer with her smile benign,
And gentle voice, and Joy appeared
  Wearing an angel's form—'Twas thine!

TO MARY.

Among the bright and beautiful
  What is like thee, my Mary?
Thou art more lovely than the morn
  More graceful than a fairy.
Whate'er is said of others' eyes,
  Compared to thine, but trash is,
For O! one glance from thee, Mary,
  Has burnt my heart to ashes.

Thou art a queen, my Mary,
  Among earth's loveliest daughters,
And yet thou gentle art, Mary,
  As moonlight on the waters;
Thou art the rose of flowers, Mary,
  And eve's most brilliant star;
Then grant me but the boon, Mary,
  To—*hand me a cigar!*

POESY.

Sweet Poesy! my first love and my last!
O, oft as I have promised to forget
Thee, and thy witcheries, in seasons past;
My wayward heart clings fondly to thee yet!
And well indeed it may; for unto thee
I owe a deep and an enduring debt.
For thou alone wast left, when misery
Had clothed me as a garment; and thy smile
Shone on my darkened soul unchangeably.
And thou with cheery voice and happy wile
Would'st tempt me forth; and then with winning lay,
Or tale of old romance, the hours beguile,
Until the night of wo was passed away,
And Hope shone forth again the harbinger of day!

TO THE FRIENDS OF ORDER,

AFTER ONE OF THOSE OUTBREAKS OF POPULAR FURY WHICH HAVE TOO OFTEN DISGRACED OUR COUNTRY.

HARK! It is your Country's call!
Who responds not to her cry?
"To the rescue, freemen all—
Who would freemen die!

"Let not faction's voice be heard;—
Now no vain distinctions make;—
Think not of an idle word;—
Life of life 's at stake!

"Rouse ye then, who would not see
What your glorious father's won—
Their bequest of *Liberty*—
Basely trampled on!

"Answer not, in vaunting tone,
That no foreign foe ye fear;—
Of all you yet have known
The deadliest is here!

"HOMEBORN VIOLENCE, that long
Hath the timid sore oppressed,
In iniquity grown strong,
Makes your laws a jest?

"And, if you would not be crushed
Like the reptile in his path,
Bids all murmuring be hushed,
Or beware his wrath.

"And how deadly that can be
Let the CHARLESTOWN midnight cry;—
Let the ALTON butchery;—
Let CILLEY's blood reply!

"Are ye sons of those who fought,
Bled and died in freedom's field?
And what they so dearly bought
Will you tamely yield?

"No! Your father's spirit still
Burns within you bright and pure.
Swear then you no longer will
Wrongs like these endure!

"Let the wondering nations see—
Now so envious of your fame—
That among you LIBERTY
Is not an empty name!"

"But, as brothers true unite
In defence of home and hearth;
Hurl, in majesty of Right,
This MOLOCH to the earth!

"And, when you in triumph bring
ORDER to the land again,
Songs of loud hosannahs sing—
Your enemy is slain!

TEMPTATION.

'Twas at the fierce meridian hour,
When Nature owned the day god's power;
When on the bough, with leaf unstirred
By vagrant breeze, sat the mute bird;
The herd had left the hill;
The spreading oak refused its shade;
The floweret hung its beauteous head,
And drowsily sang the rill,
That Cyril, in a sweet wild spot,
By foot of worldling unprofaned,
His work of prayer awhile forgot—
And slept. And now, while fancy reigned,
Did he, who—ere he knew or crime,
Or love, or aught of human wo,
Or his dark locks were blanched by time,
Or lost his blood its healthful flow—

His warring passions had subdued,
And given his life to solitude,
Drink of that cup which to the taste
Is heaven, but kindles in the breast
A thousand quenchless fires,
And revel in those joys, that leave
The heart they madden once to grieve
A prey to wild desires.

He wakes, while through his quivering frame
Rushes his blood like liquid flame.
He turns. But wherefore does he start?
And why that tumult of the heart?
Has he not ceased to dream?
Or do the images remain
By fancy stamped upon his brain?
Or is indeed that lovely thing,
Which by his side is slumbering,
Such as he would her deem,—

One of those creatures sent to bless—
Man's sojourn in this wilderness,
But who their light must never shed
Upon the path he'd vowed to tread?

A moment on the sleeper's charms—
The fire of madness in his eye—
His rebel passions all in arms—
He gazed in 'wildering ecstacy!
For not even dreams had to him given,
Among the forms that people heaven,
A being so divinely fair
As that which lay beside him there.
But when, as on her slumber stole
Some vision that disturbed her soul,
With gleaning hand she brushed aside
The clustering curls, that strove to hide
The beauty of her cheek and brow,
Deep tinged with flush of rapture now,

And from her glowing lips there came
In sweet, low murmurings *his name!*
Even then, when reason strove in vain
Through passion's sea to guide her prow,
A saving light flashed on his brain—
The memory of his vow.
And springing from his grassy bed,
He veiled his dazzled orbs—and fled!

'Tis a wild night. The god of storms,
That on the tameless wind comes forth,
With his dark host the heavens deforms,
And shakes affrighted earth.
But of his fury what reck they
Who sit at Lydia's festive board,
Where pleasure trills her wanton lay,
And where her maddening cup is poured,
And beauty sheds as rich a light
As ever flashed on mortal sight?

And at that board sits Cyril now,
With troubled eye and clouded brow.
For, ah! his inmost soul has felt
The glance that shot from Lydia's eye,
And he has heard those tones would melt
The heart of apathy,
And gazed upon a form and face
That would a radiant seraph grace.
But wherefore does he raise his head,
And look with such bewildered air?
Can it be true that all are fled
Who late were revelling there?
Yes, lady fair and gallant knight,
The young, the thoughtless and the gay,
The wit with arrows keen and bright,
And minstrel of a wanton lay,
Like creatures of a dream are gone,
And he and Lydia are alone.

A blush, deep as the crimson glow
Of eve, suffused her cheek and brow,
As Lydia rose, with perturbed breast,
And timidly approached her guest,
Who might, save for the light that shone
From his dark eye, have seemed of stone.
But when a small, white, trembling hand
Upon his arm was lightly laid,
And his dark cheek by breath was fanned,
As sweet as ever breeze that played
By moonlight on the flowery lea,
Or 'mong the groves of Araby,
Throughout his frame strange shudderings crept
The hot blood throbbed in every vein,
And a wild storm of passion swept
Alike o'er heart and brain!
And then a voice of music stole,
With words like these, into his soul.

SONG.

"Whither strays thy thought,?
Man of the moody brow!
Is it to the grot
Whence thou camest but now,
Where, like noisome toad
In earth's bosom pent,
Life, for love bestowed,
Uselessly was spent?

"Or is it to the grove
That skirts thy favourite stream,
Where thy dream was love,
And love was but a dream?
And thou, as dream or jest,
Its influence did'st spurn,
Even while within thy breast
Its fires ne'er ceased to burn.

"O let it not go hence
Upon such vain employ!
But come, like man of sense,
The present give to joy;
And, lest departed hours
He bring like spectres up,
We'll fetter thought with flowers,
And drown him in the cup!"

As thus she said, the lady raised
A cup with costly gems that blazed,
And, with her rosy lip the brim
Saluting, offered it to him.
But, as the sparkling bowl he took,
His eyes encountered her's once more,
And, reading their triumphant look,
He dashed it to the floor!
And forth he sallied, fearing less
The storm than that fair sorceress.

It was a lovely morn as e'er
Was given birth to by the year.
The heavens, with bright and laughing eye,
Looked down on earth, whose fragrant breast
With flowers of every name and dye
Was in profusion dressed.
But of that blessed morn no ray
Could penetrate the gloom profound
Of the deep cell where Cyril lay,
Chained like a felon to the ground,
From which to rise he must not hope
'Till death his prison doors should ope.

"Hist, Cyril!" said a voice whose tone
Had to his heart familiar grown,
For memory oft at twilight dim
Would speak in Lydia's voice to him,
"Hist! I have come to break thy chains;
To take thee from this dreary cell,
Where night with all her horrors reigns,
And where the toad and serpent dwell;

To give thee back to life and light,
And make thee all thou fain would'st be;
For which thou shalt thy friend requite
By giving but thy heart to me;
For, woman-like, I only crave
The love of him I'd die to save."

"Thou know'st my vow," said Cyril. "Yes,
I know that thou hast given thy days
To dull, cold, wretched loneliness—
Or—if thou wilt—to prayer and praise!
But can'st thou think that He, above
The skies enthroned, or heeds or cares
Whether his creatures live for love,
Or waste their lives in prayers?
Or that it matters whether thou
Dost keep or break a foolish vow?
No. Give thy scruples to the winds—
As chains to fetter vulgar minds—
And take what I would give to thee—
Life, love and glorious liberty!"

"Ha, tempting fiend! I know thee now,"
Cried Cyril, "but thy task is vain.
In heaven is registered the vow
That shall inviolate remain
'Till He who did my being give—
Inform my reason—weak and dim—
His weary servant shall relieve,
And call my spirit back to Him.
And, if it be His will that here,
'Mid dungeon dark—and creatures vile—
I find the goal of my career,
I'll bow me to my fate and smile;
For faith has this assurance given—
The grave is but the gate of heaven.
Then cease on one thine arts to try
Who, aided by Omnipotence,
Can scorn thy wiles, thy power defy,
And, in His name, now bids thee hence!"

As thus he said, deep groaned the earth,
As if to earthquake giving birth;
The thunder oped his voice of dread;
The lightning's glare illumed his cell;
And, as the tempter shrieking fled,
The chains from Cyril fell!
Who started up, and looking round,
In his own grot himself he found,
To which the glorious light of day
Through flowers and shrubs had forced its way.
Then, kneeling a rude cross before,
To Him who did his aid impart
In hour of trial, forth did pour
The feelings of a grateful heart

CONSOLATION.

No pleasure of life is without its alloy;
A canker is hid in the blossom of joy;
The sweets that we covet are surest to pall;
And the cup of enjoyment is mingled with gall.
And even the path the righteous have trod—
And hallowed—the path that leads up to our God—
With thorns of temptation is thickly bestrown,
And bright with the dews of repentance alone.

But when life's pains and its pleasures are o'er,
And the angel hath sworn, "Time shall be no more!"
And the soul naked stands in the presence of Him
Before whom are veiled the pure seraphim,
What rapture to hear these words from Him break,
Who spake while on earth as man never spake,
"Well done, good and faithful!—receive thy reward;
Come, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

NIGHT.

Night—beautiful !—serene !—
With silent lip and thoughtful brow,
Walketh the earth, a queen
To whom all sovereignties of nature bow.

The passions and their strife,
The hopes and fears that sway the breast,
The cares that fever life,
Are by her solemn presence awed to rest.

And to the weary hind
She brings a respite of his woes,
And from the burthened mind
The memory takes that would deny repose.

On lids that ope to weep
Kindly her hand she presses now,
And sheds the dews of sleep
On many a withered heart and burning brow.

As to the panting hart
Springs in the desert gushing free,
O Night! thou welcome art,
With thy blest influences, unto me.

For now the soul, by day
A prisoner to this earthly clod,
Is free to soar away,
And hold sweet converse with the sons of God!

Errata.

page 45 5th line from bottom
for wealth read wealth
page 68 2d line from top.
for stairs read stars
page 70 last line
for mankind read manhood
page 76 5th line from bottom
for unused read unused